

A TRIP TO FORT SUMTER, AND THE DOOMED CITY.

BROOKLYN, April 20th, 1864.
"Yonder is old Sumter!" exclaimed one of our passengers. "Is that Fort Sumter?" we inquired. "That dark mound rising out of the water, with a few tall spires in the distance beyond it?" "Yes; sure enough, it was the old historic spot—the scene of our pilgrimage—and my heart was in my mouth in an instant. The pilot of our good steamer 'Oceanus' turned the bow towards the bar at six o'clock (of Thursday, the 13th), and we sped away towards the cradle of the rebellion. It is at once its cradle and its grave.

By sunset we were passing slowly in beside Rhode Island, a low stretch of sand. Our ship's company stand silent on the upper deck as we pass Fort Wagner, beneath which lies buried the gallant Shaw. We all uncover our heads to his memory. Just ahead is Sumter—brown, battered, silent, lonely, in the quiet waves. The broken walls are all around us. Around it on its narrow beach lies a stratum of balls and broken iron several inches deep. No colors wave on its tall staff. As our steamer passes beneath its ruined walls, our two hundred passengers strike up the doxology, and on the still evening air floats the hymn to the God from whom all blessings flow. The sailors on a gunboat and two monitors take up the strain, and manning the yards pour forth a thundering cheer. As we thread our way through the loyal fleet, we call out from the pilot-house, "General Lee has surrendered! Then you should have heard them shout! Our band strikes up, our hands catch the infection, and Charleston harbor rings with the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and 'Rally round the flag.' At nine o'clock I went ashore with Col. Howard to call on Gen. Saxton. The streets were in gloomy darkness; Pompeii is not more awful in its ruins. No war-guns are left, and no lucky man has yet 'struck it' in the doomed city. We groped along over broken pavements, and past houses where the horrors of the shell had torn through the fronts, or laid half the roof open to the sky. We found Gen. Saxton quartered on the 'Battery,' Charleston's fashionable pleasure resort. The air of the courtyard was loaded with the fragrance of roses and the mock orange; but the mansion was stripped from garret to cellar. The Desassure mansion near by, once the most aristocratic abode in Charleston, is a shattered ruin, with the marble mantels lying in broken fragments on the parlor and the bed-room floors. Nearly all the mansions in this once proud part of the guilty city are windowless; many of them roofless. Except a few negroes who have nestled in the deserted chambers, they are tenanted. A few of the slaveholding aristocracy have come back, and taken reluctantly the oath of allegiance to save the remains of their property. Gen. Saxton says that these once arrogant lords of the lash are now the most abject and cringing whipped spaniels who ever fawned for a crust of bread. With the exception of a few blockade-running speculators, who sent their profits abroad for the sake of their families, the planters of Charleston are hopelessly bankrupt. We saw the cashier of the Bank of Charleston come up to the Commissary's door, and receive his pittance of bread and rice for his daily food, just as the refugee negroes were doing a few doors off! We went through Secretary Memminger's deserted and once splendid mansion; the remains of the furniture and the desolate house told us, 'Massa Memminger sent his money over to Europe; he is up in North Carolina; he is rich to-day.' A gentleman in Charleston says that he saw on the books of a bank in Havana the sum of \$100,000 in gold credited to Jefferson Davis! Governor Aiken says that he has seen so, it must be the gift of friends; for, said he, 'Mr. Davis spent all his salary, and is considered poor.' Not only is the Charleston aristocracy bankrupt, but most of them are dead! Gov. Aiken said sadly enough, 'Our most wealthy young men enlisted—many of them as privates; then they were killed or died in prison. South Carolina has among her whites nobody left but old men and little boys!' Truly, the iron has entered into Charleston's proud soul, and she is the most blasted, blighted, broken-hearted desolation on the face of this continent. Her cup of misery is filled to the brim. I could not resist over her wretchedness, although I felt that it was not one whit more than her stupendous sin has richly deserved. She has lived on the spoils of her plundered bondmen; now her turn has come for the bondman to dwell in the deserted places of the slaveholder. Robert Smell, the famous negro captain of the steamship *Planter*, is able to give bread to half the bank-presidents and brokers of Broad street.

My dear brother, you cannot conceive of the form of desolation of Charleston. Just imagine all the banks in Wall street with all their doors and windows gone—their fronts burnt through with shells—their floors covered knee-deep with scattered bricks, checks and drafts—and the street in front grown with grass and weeds among the shattered pavements, and you have a fair picture of Broad street and East Bay street, the two commercial thoroughfares of the doomed city! The 'Secession Hall' in Meeting street, in which the original act of separation was passed, is a charred ruin, hardly one brick left upon another. In St. Michael's church, a shell broke through the wall back of the pulpit and broke the Commandments which were given on tablets of stone. The desecrating missile of death spared the three commandments, 'Thou shalt not steal—thou shalt not kill—thou shalt not commit adultery.' These were the very precepts that Charleston needed most. In fact, the shells seemed to have a special spite against the churches; and many of those sanctuaries in which the Gospel of Christ was tortured into a defence of oppression are now 'left unto them desolate.'

On Saturday morning last, I was standing in front of St. Michael's church with William Lloyd Garrison. Just then, the band of the 127th Regiment came down Meeting street, playing *John Brown* most superbly. 'Only I regret that in Charleston streets!' exclaimed Garrison, and we both broke into tears. I had many such startling and almost incredible surprises during my visit. For example, I stood with Ward Beecher, Garrison, George Thompson, the English Reformer, and Theodore Tilton, beside the grave of John C. Calhoun in Phillips' church yard. It is a plain brick oblong tomb, covered with a marble slab, and bearing the single word CALHOUN. 'There,' said Garrison, 'lies a man whose name is decayed worse than his mouldering form; the one may have a resurrection, the other never. Severe and stern as he was, he has fallen and burst close by that tomb! Did none of the bones in that sepulchre rattle when the voice of William Lloyd Garrison was heard at the grave's mouth?' On that same day I stood beside George Thompson, Senator Watson and Garrison, in Zion's church, before 3000 emancipated slaves. How gracefully a freedman presented a bouquet of roses to Garrison, and with what eloquent words! How admirably the happy negroes understood and appreciated the finest points in George Thompson's speech, which was in language so elevated as if spoken in Parliament! How the throng of colored people at the first mention of the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN! How we all wept when the vast assembly broke forth into the wild African strain, 'Roll, Jordan, roll!' It was as if a hundred birds were let loose, and the whole air filled with melody. The audience received unanimously to hold the anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Charleston! and Henry Ward Beecher was announced to preach 'in this house to-morrow morning!' In the lower room I addressed one thousand well-dressed negro children; and when I inquired, 'May I send an invitation to good Abraham Lincoln to the house and visit you?' a thousand little black hands went up with a shout. Alas! alas! we knew not that, at that very hour, their beloved benefactor was lying cold and silent in the East Room at Washington!

Of the thrilling scenes at the flag-raising in Fort Sumter, I have no time or power to write as they deserve. It was the most exciting moment of my life when that flag went up. 'Whether in the body or out of the body, I could not tell.' One of the finest things in the pageant was the appearance of Gen. Anderson as he stood at the head of the stairway, and caught his first view of the interior of the fort. He controlled his emotion with much difficulty. He told me afterwards that he never could have recognized the spot; the other baskets of sand which the rebels introduced not only metamorphosed the fort, but made it ten-fold stronger than before. Mr. Beecher's speech reads well. In its delivery it lacked the electricity of an off-hand effort. It was received tamely; but, oh! when the tattered flag—henceforth the consecrated banner of the Republic—first swung out to the breeze, and began to rise

towards the sky, did they not hear our shout to Charleston wharves? Anderson and Gilmore pulled first—then the rope came along to our part of the platform where a dozen of us laid hold of it with a will. 'Was not that a good pull for John Bull?' said George Thompson to me as he gave a hearty surge at the rope. When the flag reached the apex, the whole bay thundered with such a volley of cannon from ship and shore, that one might imagine the old battle of the Monitor renewed again. Then we grasped hands, shouted, embraced, and wept for joy. For in the rainbow of those stripes and stars we read the covenant that the deluge of blood was ended, and that the Ark of Freedom had rested at length upon its Ararat.

Before I close this hurried letter, let me state that in company with Messrs. Beecher and George Thompson, I had a full, frank interview with Governor Aiken. He received us cordially. We found him opposed alike to secession and to Lincoln's emancipation act; he considers the war ended, and the Confederacy collapsed, as does every Southerner save. But he thinks that the pacification and permanent reconstruction of the Union will depend upon two things, viz: the temper of the Northern people and the character of the men sent South to reorganize the chaos. Mr. Beecher replied to him that when the South accepted the old Constitution again as their code, and bowed to its anti-slavery amendments in true loyalty, there was hardly anything that the North would not grant. But, he added, we may insist on making an example of some of the leaders in treason. Gov. Aiken is a courteous, kind-hearted gentleman of the old school, but lacks both the brains and the backbone for a leader in the work of regenerating his native South Carolina. Seven thousand Charlestonians have taken the oath; fifteen obstinate traitors, in butternut uniform, still sit in the old jail with clenched teeth, swearing that they will die before they will forsake their idolized Davis and Disunion. Those fifteen fools are all that remain visible of the vast concourse of the jubilant revelers who with demonic joy tore down the Republic's ensign four years ago. Its fall was hailed with a carnival of champagne and songs, and reckless revelries. That sacred flag was restored and its solemn services of prayer and praise that the scene in Sumter may be styled the grandest religious ceremonial of our time.

Thine ever, T. L. C.
—New York Evangelist.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON MR. COBDEN.

Professor Goldwin Smith writes to the Boston Advertiser a warm panegyric upon Mr. Cobden. He says:

• • • The goodness of Cobden's heart and the purity of his motives made him not only influential but popular in the House of Commons, and all except the most violent fanatics of the Tory party. His eloquence, simple, clear, earnest and genial, flowed from his character as a stream from its spring. He never composed his speeches, but trusted that words would not be wanting to a full mind and a glowing heart. The most perfect of intellectual gifts was the perfect simplicity of style, which is likewise characteristic of Adam Smith and of all great economists. He saw things exactly as they were. His modesty in his speeches, wit and conversation equalled his strength of conviction. His conversation, which was charming, and his letters (a selection of which would be most delightful and instructive) advanced his principles almost as much as his public speeches.

Few of those with whom he held intercourse could fail to venerate, none could fail to love him. He possessed, above all men, the talisman which makes a man beloved of all. He was a man who could not stand by his side for a moment to take shelter from the rain, without discovering that he was a remarkable man. Five minutes' conversation made you feel that Cobden was a good man. Judged merely by his public speeches, he might have seemed a man of a single subject, of a limited range of subjects. But his modesty led him to confine himself in public to questions with which he was specially familiar, and to pay an almost excessive deference to the special knowledge of others on topics to which they had given more attention. Though his education had been limited, he had enlarged his culture as he rose in life, and he walked with interest and intelligence on any theme. This 'cotton spinner' was not without a heart for beauty. 'There are two sublimities,' he said, 'in nature; one of rest, the other of motion—the distant Alps and Niagara.'

Whatever there may be said in commercial pursuits, it had not touched his nature. No man ever felt a deeper contempt for the pretensions of hoarded wealth. 'That man,' he exclaimed, speaking of a covetous and dictatorial millionaire, 'talks as if his words were shot with sovereigns; and yet it is not money that deserves respect, but a generous use of it.' His later years were spent (when he was not attending Parliament) at Dansford, a country-house in a beautiful district near Midhurst, built for him by the gratitude of his political friends on the site of his father's farm. The house, which was built, like Garibaldi's Capra, it was the unostentatious centre of one of the great movements of the age. Never was there a more perfect picture than that of country-house presented of English family life, of frugal enjoyment, simple hospitality, and the happiness that flows from many friendships and affections. Each Sunday Mr. Cobden would walk to the village church, free (as the church of the future will be) from bigotry and sectarianism, he was yet a truly religious man, walking as in the presence of God, and thoroughly valuing the religious character in others. He would scarcely have trusted to any one whom he believed to be without a religion.

He was accused by his enemies of being non-English, and of not loving his country. No man ever had a more thoroughly English heart, or loved his country better. But he loved her not as an isolated tyrant, but as a member of the great community of nations, and in just subordination to the rights of all. He knew that her interests were inextricably blended for the best purposes of Providence with those of her neighbors; that her strength lay, as that of a man among his fellow-men lies, not in her elect, but in her friendships; and that the law of mutual good will, not mutual hatred, could lead to one which, as a nation of Christendom, was bound to obey. Even her military security has been essentially practical by his policy of commercial alliances, which is uniting all the powers of Europe with us in a great confederacy, pledged to defend the common trade.

THE PEOPLE'S DUTY.

The following from Hon. George Bancroft's address, commemorative of President Lincoln, comprising, as it does, a significant allusion to Gen. Sherman's blunder, will be read with interest:

'The removal of the cause of the rebellion not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it the reconciliation, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day. And let lover of his country say that this warning is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nursing itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The winds from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a few years ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of all time, has undergone more than the whole power of the executive, and given security and police power to traitors from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self-defence or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheath it till its work should be accomplished? And yet from this bad act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the restless movements in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence. No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs.'

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1865.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the city of New York, on Tuesday, May 9th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Executive Committee urge upon all the members of the Society a prompt attendance at this meeting. The questions to come before it are of the greatest importance. Some members of the Committee propose, in view of the almost certain ratification of the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the United States Constitution, to dissolve the Society at this annual meeting; while others would postpone such dissolution until the ratification of that Amendment is officially proclaimed; and others, still, advocating the Society's existence until all the civil rights of the negro are secured.

Besides this, whichever of these views receives the sanction of the Society, there is the further question whether the *Standard* shall be continued.

On these and other accounts, our deliberations will be most interesting and important, and ought to assemble all the members and earnest friends of the Society.

The speakers on Tuesday morning will be WENDELL PHILLIPS, GEORGE THOMPSON, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, and Mrs. FRANCES E. HARPER.

The Society will meet for business on Tuesday afternoon, at 12 o'clock, and, probably, also, Wednesday forenoon and afternoon, in the Vestry of the Church.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Secretary.

C. C. BURLEIGH, Treasurer.

A NEW-BORN ZEAL—WHAT MEANS IT?

We have already briefly given our reasons why we believe the time has come for the dissolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as a matter of good sense and self-respect; and, therefore, we shall not only advocate that measure at the approaching anniversary of the Society in New York, but terminate our connection with it on that occasion. In this judgment we are sustained by the almost unanimous conviction of the present Executive Committee of the Society; and we shall take it for granted that those who have been entrusted for so many years with the management of the affairs of the Society, and whose sagacity and wisdom have never yet been impugned or questioned, fairly represent the feelings of those who are entitled to vote upon the question, at least, until their decision is made to the contrary.

We are none the less satisfied that our judgment is a sensible one from the ludicrous new-born zeal for the continuance of the Society manifested by those who have hitherto not only stood aloof from it—not only been indifferent to its existence—but who have in various occasions expressed themselves contemptuously in regard to it, or its admirably conducted organ the *Standard*, and sought to divert aid from its treasury, and patronage from the paper. Suddenly, as the 'old guard' are retiring in the fall, the Society has been consummated the great object for which it was organized—the abolition of slavery—these new-fledged converts (!) are profoundly impressed with the vast importance of prolonging its existence! Thus, the *Commonwealth*, of last week, shows its deep concern about it as follows:—

KEEP THE GUNS POINTED! We confess a deep regret at the prospective disorganization of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its subordinate and affiliated associations. Though never 'in line,' politically, with their management or operations, we nevertheless have not been unkindly of their great usefulness, not only as giving organization to numerous speakers, whose paramount duty it was to enlighten the public upon the evils and atrocities of slavery, but as furnishing the palpable fact that the organization is beyond all calculation; and it is therefore with sorrow that we hear of the proposition to abandon the work.

As co-workers in the great cause of political and social reform, we feel that the instrumentality of the Society is not to be abandoned, and that the work now being done by the American Anti-Slavery Society, or to its aid, will be lost. The Society is now in a position to do more than ever for the cause of the slave. Keep the standard flying—ring out the bugle-note to a new charge! and abate no effort till the final victory!

Hinc ille lacrymæ! Considering the source whence this comes, we must say that this is the most remarkable exhibition of solicitude and 'sorrow' we have seen for a long time! And we must add, further, that the *Commonwealth* is not qualified to give any advice to the American Anti-Slavery Society, or to its Executive Committee, in a way of the kind. It has proved itself too unfair, too unjust, too factious in its course, especially for the past year, to deserve to be listened to for a moment by the members of the Society concerning its operations. There is something utterly about its assumed anxiety at this juncture.

'Call it the American Suffrage Society.' That yields the whole point. Let those who choose form an association for the extension of suffrage, but let not the American Anti-Slavery Society be moulded to any such shape. If a majority of its members shall elect, at its annual meeting next week, to continue it, we shall leave them to manage its affairs as they may think best, trusting nothing will be done in a partisan or divisive spirit.

Here is what the *Anglo-African*—a paper which has never shown any disposition to cooperate with the American Anti-Slavery Society, and which has found pleasure in misrepresenting and abusing both the *Standard* and *Liberator*—says in reference to the same matter:—

'We can excuse Sherman and Grant, to some extent, for using some degree of magnanimity towards the rebels, who were dealing with them; but we cannot excuse Gerrit Smith who knows them well; least of all can we excuse William Lloyd Garrison and Oliver Johnson. Let us not find fault with the reason, their intense study of this class, knowing their cruelty, their power of recuperation and their instincts of revenge, would hand over to their tender mercies the half-civilized negro, on the plea that their own duties to the cause of Anti-Slavery ceased with the abolition of chattel slavery. Let it be understood, however, that we do not quarrel with their giving up. They are the best judges of their ability to do good to the cause of freedom. If they feel that their power in this direction is exhausted, we rather admire the frankness which owns up, and retires from the field. We were of the same opinion some two years ago, and received it in *Frederick Douglass's Paper*; which, perhaps, brother Oliver Johnson may remember. We said, 'they had done their work as iconoclasts, and were not of any worth in the labor of reconstruction.' And now they find fault with the reason, they give when they assume that labor to be accomplished, when it is only half done, according to the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as is well shown by Wendell Phillips in last week's *Liberator*. And we trust we may be forgiven for adding, that it is an unfortunate coincidence that they have made the discovery that their work is done, at the very moment that they also find that it is no longer gone.'

The low lying contained in the closing sentence of this extract is characteristic of the manners and breeding of its author, Dr. J. McCune Smith. We only notice it as illustrating the animus of certain outsiders, who are impudently assuming to thrust their advice upon a Society from which they stand aloof. Both the *Commonwealth* and the *Anglo-African* find it to their purpose to represent those who believe that the Society may now with dignity and propriety dissolve, as disposed to withdraw from all effort to place the colored population on a level with the white, in regard to their political rights. The imputation is a base one, and undeserving of serious refutation.

RETRIBUTION.

The way of the transgressor is hard. J. Wilkes Booth must have found it so. Even from so much as is now known, it fully appears that from his commission of the murder to the edge of his earthly life, not a moment was free from physical suffering and torturing anxiety.

The assassin dropped a spur on the stage of Ford's Theatre immediately after firing the fatal shot. This spur helped to identify the murderer, being recognized at the stable where Booth had hired his horse. But how came the spur to be dropped? The murderer's accomplice, Harrold, declares that it caught (another singular coincidence) in the U. S. flag which festooned the President's box, when Booth jumped from the box on to the stage, and tripping him up, occasioned that fracture of the leg which led to his capture. What must have been the agonies of that ride at full speed for life, every step causing the splinters of the fractured bone to lacerate the surrounding flesh!

This beginning of retribution changed the line of flight at first intended. The fugitives were obliged to go to the house of Dr. Mudge, near Port Tobacco, in Charles Co., Maryland, to have the broken leg attended to. Thence they went (Booth on crutches) to a neighboring swamp, where they lay concealed for several days, seeing their pursuers pass and repass, and anticipating capture every hour. The amount of their alarm may be estimated by the fact that they paid \$300 to be ferried across the Potomac by a negro in an old scow. This black man, too, was one of the instruments in identifying and capturing them.

After this, they fell in with a small party of rebels, (one of them a captain, afterwards arrested,) who helped them to cross the Rappahannock. When the pursuers arrived at this point, the ferryman revealed to them the haunt of the rebel captain, and he led them to the murderer's last hiding place, the house of John and William Garrett, between Port Royal and Bowling Green, in Caroline Co., Virginia.

The clothes of these fugitives were so stained with mud and dirt by the necessary conditions of their galloping life as to be mistaken for the gray of the Confederate uniform, though really of a different fabric and color. Their appearance was truly wretched. Booth was still on crutches, and his wound must have been constantly growing worse and more painful.

The Garretts thought the new comers very suspicious looking persons, and tried hard to get rid of them. They judiciously refused large offers of hire for their horses, feeling well-assured that the horses would not come back. It was thought dangerous to have Booth and Harrold in the house, and they therefore lived and slept (if under the circumstances they could sleep) in the barn; one of the owners meantime watching lest the horses should be stolen. At last came discovery, and the certainty of seizure. The murderer refusing to surrender, and threatening to sacrifice still more lives, he was shot by one of his pursuers, who aimed, he says, at the shoulder, intending to disable, not to kill him. But, either from Booth's stooping at the moment of the discharge, the ball took place in the back of his head, nearly in the spot where he had shot the President.

This desperate villain had declared his intention not to be taken alive. Here again God arranged his fate otherwise. The shot paralyzed his arms, so that he could not destroy himself, and he lived three hours in great suffering, repeatedly begging those around to kill him. Surely, the way of the transgressor is hard.

Enough is now known of the plan of assassination which was partially accomplished in Washington on the 14th of April, to render it almost certain that its perpetrators, and their accomplices, and their employers, will all be detected and brought to justice. Secretary Stanton told us that he has evidence that the plot was arranged in Canada and approved at Richmond. If evidence really exists that the Confederate Government had commissioned, and intended to reward, these murderers, it will in due time, no doubt, spread before the world. But if such evidence reveals a distinct complicity of Jeff. Davis in the affair, the immediate announcement of this fact may assist in effecting the capture of that eminent felon. If he has not yet got out of the country, a large reward offered by the Government for his apprehension as an accomplice in the murder of President Lincoln would greatly increase the chances of his capture. And his escape, if he does effect it, will then be made under circumstances which will prevent his favorable reception by men of honor, character and station in foreign countries, even those who may have been led into partisanship in the Confederate cause. If the evidence shall be found really to justify this step, let warrants be prepared at once for the arrest of Jeff. Davis as an accomplice, before the fact, in that assassination which has thrilled the world with horror. Let him flee (if his escape cannot be prevented) as a fugitive from civil as well as military justice, with the constable as well as the soldier on his track, and with such demonstration of infamy fastened to his name as to make it needful to him to hide that name in obscurity, instead of claiming such credit and consideration as may be along even to a defeated leader.—C. W.

28TH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

This Society, which has remained without a Pastor since the death of Theodore Parker, has now chosen Rev. David A. Wasson for its Minister, and he is to be installed on Sunday morning next, the 7th instant, at the Melodeon. Wendell Phillips will assist in the services of installation, and Mr. Wasson will then give his introductory discourse.

The sermon before this Society last Sunday was given by Wendell Phillips, who took for his subject the reasons which made the sustaining of that pulpit peculiarly necessary.

Churches generally, he said, are institutions; and institutions, however indispensable, always tend to become nuisances. They are iron dresses for growing children. An institution, a house for an idea, tends to become a dungeon, and, if continued too long, a charnel house. The effort to establish this Society was to establish a spring instead of a reservoir. I consider it to be not an institution but a life. This pulpit has always taught that every man should keep his face turned to the light.

Ten years ago, the churches of this country almost unanimously bore the inscription—No Politics here. But what is Politics? The enactment of justice into law. This pulpit has constantly reminded the community of its duties in this department.

This religious Society has upheld the only unfettered pulpit in this city. It established also the first Lyceum which welcomed to its platform both sexes and all colors. It has modified the whole Lyceum system in this country. It has taught the people to think for themselves. But the Lyceum is intellectual only, not religious; and in its Sunday services this Society has done its part to teach the people true religion.

It is hard to lift this country from the deep gloom of popular opinion; but let us not despair. Even the churches will yet come out of their darkness.—C. W.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Annual New England Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Boston, at the MELODEON, on Wednesday, May 31st, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Questions of great importance and interest, in relation to the final Abolition of Slavery in the United States, will doubtless come before the Convention. All the old members of it, and all persons interested, are invited to attend.

By order of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

EDMUND QUINCY, President.

SAM. MAY, Jr., Secretary.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF THE PRESIDENT, IN CONCORD, APRIL 27, 1865.

BY H. W. EMERSON.

We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civil society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused, or will cause on its announcement; and this, not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and institutions of America.

In this country, on Saturday, every one was struck dumb, and saw, at first, only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And, perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voice of the tomb to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief: the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men, and his work had not perished; but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down.

The President stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quite native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flat-boatman, a captain in the Blackhawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois,—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place! All of us remember,—it is only a history of five or six years,—the surprise and the disappointment of the country at his first nomination by the Convention at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favorite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced, (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that Convention,) we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so great a trust, in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues, that they might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the riches of his worth.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, 'Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune.' He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face, and manner, which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which was very easy for him to obey. Then, he had that farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case, and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then, it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together, and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each fails on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit, or by love of pleasure, or lethargy, or an ugly temper,—each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

Then, he had a vast good nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner; affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would have brought to any one else. And how this good-nature became a noble humanity, in many a tragic scene which the events of the war brought to him, every one will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt, when a whole race was thrown on his compassion! The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, 'Massa Linkum am eberray.' Then his broad good-humor, running easily into jovial talk, in which he delighted, and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. He framed him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man, and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose, and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and the protection of the over-driven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as piousness that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like *Æsop* or *Pilpay*, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasions, what lofty, and more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the court that tried him, and a part of Kosuth's speech at Birmingham, can only be compared with each other, and with no others.

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the needs. His mind matured the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, no of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befel.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years,—four years of battle-days,—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried, and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time, the true history of the march by which the slow, slow, quickening march by which the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty mil-

lions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

Adam Smith remarks that the axe, which in Roman bracken's portraits of British kings and worthies is buried under those who have suffered at the block, adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how just the terror and ruin of the massacre are already burning into glory around the victim? Far happier this fate than to have lived to be whistled away; to have watched the decay of his own faculties; to have seen, perhaps, even he,—the proverbial ingrate of the statement; to have seen men preferred to him; that ever man made to his fellow-men,—the practical abolition of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Missouri and Maryland emancipate their slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston and Richmond surrender to his arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune.

And what if it should turn out, in the unfolding of the web, that he had reached the term; that this heroic deliverer could no longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and what remained to be done required new and untried men;—a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than by his life. Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and complaisance. 'The kindness of kings consists in justice and strength.' Easy good-nature has been the dangerous foible of the Republic, and it was necessary that enemies should outrage it, and drive us to untried firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

The ancients believed in a serene and beautiful Genius which ruled in the affairs of nations; with a slow but stern justice, carried forward the fortunes of certain chosen houses, weeding out single offenders, or offending families, and securing at last the firm narrow view of the Eternal Nemesis. There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquests, or what is called victory, thrusts aside every man, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the race by the sacrifice of everything which rests the moral laws of the world. It makes us its

STILL BENON KEEPING UP DISSION. In the interest of its defeated party, the N. Y. World is plausibly and with some ability endeavoring to make capital down South. It advises the rebels to submit to the terms of peace as they are offered; repeat the ordinances of secession, send members to the next Congress, and thus, uniting with their Northern political friends, thwart what it assumed to be the subjugating purpose of Federal Union, and obtain control of the nation. It even intimates that if representatives from the rebellious States should be refused admission to the Capitol in December, their Copperhead friends would come to the rescue. The "World," however, has no intention of recognizing "statehood" to pacify the country. Come back, misguided friends, is the Copperhead talk, and we will join hands and forces, and upset the Government once more.

The argument is that the conduct of the conspirators against the flag, all the blood they caused to be shed, all the atrocities committed at Andersonville and elsewhere, are so trivial mistakes and misadventures, in comparison with the outrageous acts and designs of the present Executive of the republic; and that they had better give up useless fighting for an abstraction, in time to make room for the inevitable success of our opposition, and gain by that alliance substantially all their usurping temper and arrogant designs have contemplated. In other words, having failed in the market, they should be cunning enough to try to get sympathy from those who sympathize in the free States can venture to give them the helping hand.—*Boston Transcript*.

INFAMOUS. Last Friday, among the superintendents and students of the Wilberforce University, at Tallahassee, where, after the trial mistake, and misadventure, following over the glorious victories of the Government and the end of the slaveholders' rebellion, some vile slaves in sympathy with the rebellion set fire to the building, and a school was destroyed, and \$100,000 loss incurred on the property. This shows that there was a branch of the rebellion in that neighborhood that requires subjugation.—*Dagton Journal*.

THE THIRTEENTH YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS will be held at Longwood, near Hamorton,) Chester Co., Pa. commencing at 11 o'clock A. M., on Fifth Day, (Thursday), the 8th of Sixth month, (June), 1865, and continuing, probably, three days.

To this meeting, as usual, are invited all persons who feel attracted to a Religious Society which sets up no theological condition of membership, and neither demands nor expects uniformity of doctrinal belief; which aims as mutual discipline, or priesthood; which recognizes a Divine revelation in the unperverted instincts of the human soul, and the duty of every one to keep his mind and heart open at all times to receive the truth, and follow its guidance; and which finds its bond of union in a common recognition of the brotherhood of the human race, and a common desire and purpose to labor diligently for the uprooting of every system of injustice, fraud and oppression, and the establishment of the kingdom of righteousness and ease throughout the world.

The wonderful history of our beloved country during the past year, as seen in the complete overthrow of the rebellion, the sentence of utter extermination pronounced against Slavery by the Government and the People, the dawn of peace after four years of retributive and bloody war, and the prospect of a speedy reunion of the States upon principles enunciated by our fathers in the Declaration of Independence, will furnish cause for grateful exultation, and at the same time afford encouragement to do our share in the work of national reconstruction and regeneration.

OLIVER JOHNSON,
ALEXANDER STONEBRACH,
BENJAMIN C. BACOS,
SUZANNA P. CHANNERS,
THEODORE TILDEN,
ANNIE F. KERT,
CARROLL DENHAM,
ANNA E. DICKINSON,

RACHEL WILSON,
EDITHES BELMONT,
ALFRED H. FARLOU,
ALBERT H. KING,
LUCRETIA NYLON,
J. WILLIAM COLE,
JENNIE K. SMITH,
WILLIAM LLOYD.

Among those whose presence is confidently anticipated are George Thompson of England, William Lloyd Garrison, and Aaron M. Powell.

DIED—At Mount Pleasant, [Ohio], Feb. 9. Mrs. ELIZABETH NICKERSON, of Wilmington, aged 66.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

SARAPARILLA corrupt, disordered or vitiated blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in pimples, or sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed, and good for nothing. But you cannot cure your health while your blood is impure. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood from these impurities, and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the health and expelling disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or King's Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Hotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rheumatism, &c.; also Salt Rickets, Gravel, Gout, Gonorrhea, Cancer of Cervical Uterus, Skin Diseases, &c.; also, Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Hysteria, Sterility; also, Syphilis or Venereal Diseases, &c.; and restores the hair to its original color and growth. Cleanse your blood with Sarsaparilla, and see for yourself the surprising activity thence which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years, the public have been misled by large outlets, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick; for they not only contain little, or no Sarsaparilla, but offer no curative properties whatever. Hence, disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become proverbially synonymous with imposture. We call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the bad obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have succeeded in doing so, because it contains ingredients which are the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. We can only insure the sick that we offer them the best alternative medicine known to modern practice, and leave readers to believe it or say far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by anybody.

Ayer's GREAT PECCATORIAL is so universally known to be the true restorer of health, that it needs no further commendation. It cures Consumption, Asthma, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in general, it has few equals. It has virtue which is irresistible, and it is pleasant to take. It is useful here in cases where the prevalence of its virgins is felt. Beware of cheap imitations.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell Mass., and sold by all druggists.

March 15. 2m.

IMPROVEMENT IN Champping and Hair Dressing

"WITHOUT SMUTTING."

MADAME CARTEAUX BANNERSTER

I WOULD inform the public that she has removed from 223 Washington Street, to No. 31 WATER STREET, where she will attend to all diseases of the Hair.

She has done nine cases out of ten, as she has done many others since her removal, and she has none to excel her in producing a new growth of hair. Her Restorative differs from that of any other now, being made from the roots of the forest trees.

Her Shampoo with a bark wash does not grow in this city, and which is highly beneficial to the hair before removing the Restorative, and will prevent the hair from falling out.

She also has another for restoring grey hair to its natural color in nearly all cases. She is not afraid to speak of every city in any part of the world, as they are used to her services. They are also packed for her customers to take to Europe with them, enough to last two three months, as they often say they can get nothing else like it.

MADAME CARTEAUX BANNERSTER,
No. 31 Water Street, Boston.

GAS FIXTURES.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that (owing to ill health) he has been obliged to retire from business, and leaves Messrs. H. B. Stanwood & Co.'s, now Messrs. Shreve, Stanwood & Co.'s, who have employed for the last fourteen years, the work being heavy for his physical strength, and is now prepared to do all manner of Gas Fixtures.

JOBBER ON GAS FIXTURES.

The most careful manner. New Fixtures furnished and repaired. Old fixtures and Glass Burners cleaned, and Gas Fixtures done over, and Glass Glasses of all kinds installed at short notice. Also, Gas Burners of all the improved patterns.

Particular attention given to Lighting up for Parties. Shop under the Marlboro' Hotel. Orders may be left at Messrs. Hall & Storell's Provision Store, 132 Charles street, Boston.

Refer to Shreve, Stanwood & Co.
Dec-30-Jy

Farm for Sale Franklin, Mass.,

CONTAINING thirty-five acres of tillage and pasture, including eight acres of wood-land, also houses, barn, and carriage-house, all in excellent order, built less than forty years ago, with all the modern improvements, such as, Apples, pear and peach orchards, grapes, currants, etc., etc.

This farm is situated about five miles from Franklin, and is well adapted for farming purposes, and is well watered by a brook running through it.

For particulars apply to Mr. J. S. PERKINS, at Franklin, Mass., or to Mr. J. S. PERKINS, at Boston, Mass.

